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INvariably in ADVANCE.

BROWNE & CHENEY, Attorneys
at Law, Winchester, Ind. Office in
the Jail Building. Give especial attention
to the securing and collection of
claims. [V51]

DR. D. FERGUSON, Winchester,
Indiana. Office and residence on
corner of Main and South Streets, where
he may at all times be found, unless pro-
fessionally engaged.

A. F. TEAL, M. D., Physician and
Surgeon, Winchester, Ind. Office and
residence on Franklin Street, East of the
Franklin House, where he may al-
ways be found unless professionally en-
gaged.

R. BOSWORTH, Physician and Sur-
geon, Deenfield, Ind. Office south-
west corner of Main and Meridian Streets.
Especial attention given to Chronic
Diseases. Ague and Catarrhatic Pills,
always on hand and for sale, by the box
or single dose, and warranted free from
Colomel, Quinine or Arsenic. [magazine]

W. B. PIERCE, Druggist, and dea-
ler in Books and Stationery,
Corner of Franklin and Meridian Sts.

THOMAS WARD, Hardware Mer-
chant, Washington Street, north of
the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

BILLIARD SALOON, Cal 8. Wash-
tel, Proprietor, East of the Mansion
House, Winchester, Ind. To the lovers
of pleasure this is a pleasant game.

EMPIRE HOUSE, Union City, Ind.
E. B. Farley, Proprietor.
Board \$1 per day or 25 cts. per meal.
Enlarged and improved stabl-
ing for horses n12 ly

MORRIS HOUSE, H. Whitmore,
Proprietor, opposite the Union De-
pot, Indianapolis, Ind.

BEVERLY & DYNES, News-
Book and Job Printers, East of the
Public Square, Winchester.

JOHN ROSS, Grocer and Baker, and
dealer in Provisions, &c. Store on
the north-east corner of Main and Frank-
lin Streets.

L E N KERSDORFER & WESP
Manufacturers of Furniture and
Chairs, of the latest and best styles, East of the
Public Square, Winchester.

WESTERN COMMERCIAL
NURSERIES.
The Proprietor keeps constantly on
hand a large and varied assortment of
Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Roses, Ornamental
Trees and Shrubs, and all kinds
of Nursery Products.
Responsible Agents wanted in every
County. Catalogues supplied free on application.
Address C. FLETCHER, Jr.,
Nov 28 ly
Indianapolis, Ind.

JOHN B. CROWLEY, M. D., Phy-
sician and Surgeon, Winchester, Ind.
Graduate of Philadelphia College of Medi-
cine, and Philadelphia Lying-in Char-
ity Hospital, embracing Practical
Obstetrics and Diseases of Females.
Having been Assistant Demonstrator
of Anatomy and having spent two years in the
Hospitals and Dispensaries of Philadelphia,
and being supplied with excellent surgical instru-
ments, well prepared to perform all operations
in the various departments of the profes-
sion.

Particular attention paid to diagnosis of
the eye. OFFICE—Washington street, near
the north-western corner of the Public Square,
Winchester, Indiana.

TAILORING.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
West of the Public Square,
WINCHESTER, IND.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
Always on hand and made to order in
the best style.
PRICES REASONABLE.

TILE AND BRICK.

TILE! TILE! TILE!

Drain your Wet Lands!

I undersigned have been pronounced
the best in use. Try them, and if you do not
become satisfied that they are just
what you money paid for them. We
will refund you the money paid for them. We
also keep on hands BRICK, of our own
manufacture, which we warrant to give
entire satisfaction.

Give us a call at our Yard, north
of the Depot, Winchester, Indiana.
May 23rd] O. & J. K. MARTIN.

MEAT MARKET.

D. M. REISER

WOULD respectfully inform the
public, especially the lovers of
GOOD MEAT, that he is now selling
BEEF, VEAL & MUTTON
at from

4 to 6 Cents per Pound.
Market on Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-
urday mornings; meat always on hand.
Augt 1

GRAVE YARD.

NEW GRAVE YARD!

The undersigned has laid off a New
Grave Yard, immediately adjoining the
old one, on the west, in lots 15½ by 15½
feet square, which he offers to sell on re-
asonable terms. Those desiring to secure
a family burial place can do so as by
calling early on DAVID HEAGTON.
May 21, 1862.

WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1862.

Vol. 1, No. 14.

POETRY.

THE OLD FERULE.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

Grim scell of a distant time,
More interesting than sublime!
Thou'ret fitting subject for my rhyme,
And touch't me keenly;
Unlike the touch that youthful crime
Provoked severely.

It was a dark and fearful day
When thou held'st sovereign rule and sway,
And all humanity might say
Could not avert
The doom that brought thee into play,
And wrought us hurt?

Ah, Solomon! that dogma wild
Of sparing rod and sparing child,
Has long thy reputation soiled,
And few defend it;
Our teachers draw it far more mild,
And strive to mend it.

Oh, bitter were the blows and whacks
That fell on our delinquent backs,
When, varying from moral tracks,
In youthful error,
Thou madest our stubborn nerves relax
With direst tort.

I know I was urged that our own good
Dwelt in the single of the wood
That saved us as we trembling stood,
And couldst flee it;
But I confess I never could
Exactly see it.

The smothered wrath at every stroke
Was keenly felt though never spoke,
And to thy devilish compant broke
For one subduced,
And all discordances awoke—
A fiendish blood.

And impish trick and vengeful spite
Assayed with all their skill and might
To make the balance poised aright;
And hate, sharp-witted,
Never left occasion, day or night,
To pass omitted.

I see it now—the whitened doors,
The window panes smashed in by scores,
The deserted classic floors,
The benches levelled,
The streamings from murky pores
The books bedevilled.

Small reverence for Lear's fane,
For master's toll of nerve and brain,
They saw instruction marred with pain,
And Alma Mater

Was thought of only by the train
To deprecate her.

It's strange to have thee in my grasp;
My finger round thy handle clasp,
No sense of pain my feelings rasp,
As last I knew thee;

Then thou didst sting me like an asp,
Foul shane unto thee.

But gentlemodus suggest the thoughts—
That still thine office, anguish fraught,
For our best good unselfish wrought,
Had we not known it,

And we, with grateful spirit, ought
To freely own it.

Perhaps—but I am glad at hear
That thou no more ha'nt sovereign part
In helping instruction's art

By terror's rale—

That other modes will prompt the smart

Than thee in school.

Thanks, old comrade of the past
For this brief progress backward cast;

We measure progress to contrast

Times far and near,

Rejoiced on shamming up at last,

We're not aware,

—Boston Saturday Gazette.

GLORY TO GOD FOR THE BRAVE.

BY SCHUYLER CONWAY.

Glory to God for souls so brave;
A million freemen all in arms;

A million hearts, a million hands

Unfilled now our flag to save.

For them let anthems proudly swell;

Let poet, painter, sculptor, all

Endeavor high and clear each deed,

And History's scroll the story tell.

Glory to God for men who fight,

Not for base despots, nor for gold;

But for stern order and the law,

For Union, Liberty and Right.

How bravely now they stride along,

Grey veterans and young volunteers,

Forward they march with bunting'd tread

Equipped and armed, a million strong.

Glory to God, how grand a sight!

A people rising in their wrath—

Woe to traitors! hope to our land,

Swords and bayonets flashing bright.

DISTANCES IN MARYLAND.—Frederick, the first large place occu-
pied by the rebels in Maryland, is about 60 miles from Baltimore by the railroad line, and 40 overland from Washington, by way of Rockville, Darnestown and Poolesville, Maryland. It is about 25 miles from Frederick to Hagerstown, whence it is 74 miles by rail to Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania. From Frederick to Harper's Ferry is about 20 miles.

Kossuth.—A Scottish newspaper

says that "poor Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is in the final stage of consumption, and will probably before many weeks pass away. A noble country will have to weep for the loss of one of her noblest and most gifted men."

President Lincoln, like Mark

Tapley, keeps "jolly under unfavorable circumstances." He has lately said: "I have heard of being knocked into the middle of next week; but the Rebels have knocked us into the middle of last year."

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Adopted at a meeting of Governors of the loyal States, to take measure for the more active support of the Government, held at Altoona, Pa., Sept. 24, 1862.

After nearly one year and a half spent in contest with an armed and gigantic rebellion against the National Government of the United States, the duty and purpose of the loyal States, people continue and must always remain as they were at its origin, namely: To restore and perpetuate the authority of this Government, and the life of the nation, no matter what consequences are involved in our fidelity.

Nevertheless, this work of restoring the Republic, preserving the institutions of liberty and justifying the hopes and toils of our fathers, shall not fail to be performed, and we pledge, without hesitation, to the President of the United States the most loyal and cordial support hereafter as heretofore, in the exercises of the functions of his great office.

We recognize in him the Chief Executive Magistrate of the nation, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, their responsible and constitutional head, whose rightful authority and power, as well as the constitutional power of Congress must be vigorously and religiously guarded and preserved as the condition on which alone our form of government and the constitutional rights and liberties of the people themselves can be saved from the wreck of anarchy, or from the gulf of despotism. In submission to the laws which may have been, or which may be duly enacted, and to the lawful orders of the President, co-operating always in our own spheres in the national government, we mean to continue in the most vigorous and constitutional exercise of all our lawful and proper powers, contending against treason and rebellion, and the public enemies, and whether in public life, or in private station, supporting the arms of the Union, until success shall perch upon its standard, or the rebel for shall yield a dutiful, righteous and unconditional submission.

A reserve ought, until the war shall end, to be constantly kept on foot, to be raised, armed, and equipped, and trained at home, and ready for emergencies. We respectfully ask the President to call for such a force of volunteers for one year's service, of not less than 100,000 in the aggregate, the quota of each State to be raised after it shall have filled its quotas of requisitions already made for volunteers and for militia.

We believe that this will be a measure of military prudence, while it would greatly promote to the military education of the people. We hail with heat felt gratitude and encouraging hope, the proclamation of the President, issued on the 22nd of September, declaring emancipation from the throttle of a powerful nation, that lies between him and the fathomless depths of eternity. We must bear these facts in mind when we sing sullen songs of hope, to look for a speedy peace, and to relax the exertions which alone can save our throats from the throat of a powerful nation; engaged in a fearful and final struggle for life or death. We wish we could deserv a brighter

prospect, but we see no reason for such predictions. The unmanly expectation of foreign intervention which so long deluded our people has long ago proved an idle dream. Europe not only refuses to intervene, but rejoices in her heart over the American troubles, because they are not exhausting and rendering impotent for injury to the despotic Governments that contend whose tree institutions have always kept them in a nightmare of alarm.

England, the chief instrument in the disruption of the old Republic, preserves neutrality—that is, she furnishes the North material and the South moral aid; she permits the North to purchase material and ammunitions of war, which the South, by reason of the blockade, is only partially able to do; and she praises the South for its military prowess and patriotic devotion. She puts weapons in the hands of the Northern combatants, and she puts the Southern combatant on the head and cries "Brave boy, pitch into him." We are beginning to understand all this, and to dismiss from our minds the

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

(From the Richmond Examiner, Sept. 27.)

This is a question oftener asked than answered. We have been asked the question repeatedly, but if any one should ask us "When will the war end?" we should be just as able to give an opinion. Our conviction is that a good many people will come to an end before the war does, and that in like manner the war will finish off a good many before it is finished itself. This is a somber view of the future, but we wish we could see any streaks of light to indicate the dawn of day.

The only way that the war can end is by the exhaustion of the North or the extermination of the South. The North has determined to subjugate us. It gives us only this alternative—The Union or death." That, in sum and substance, is all that its most conservative politicians propose. It is in vain that some of them deny the cruel determination that we have indicated. Is there one of them, conservative Republican or conservative Democrat, who will proclaim that he prefers the sacrifice of the "Union" to the extermination of the South? The Union is the god of all parties alike, except the ultra Abolitionists, who, strange to say, are the only men in the North willing to "let it slide." The war has been carried on from the beginning by the conservative classes, and scarcely an Abolitionist is to be found in its armies. If the "Union sentiment" which so pervades the North were genuine patriotism, we might have some hope of its abatement; or, if it were mere fanaticism, the grab of passion might howl itself out; but if it is the practical, substantial grief of gold, which will never let go its grip as long as life remains. The North is fighting only for the Southern trade and commerce, but to make the South pay the enormous debt accumulated in this war. Not only this, but it is fighting for its very being. The idea is common that it is the South alone which is contending for national existence. But if the North ultimately fails in this war, she will fall fast and far as Lucifer in his descent from heaven. The brightest jewels of her crown wrested from her grasp, the chief sources of her revenue withdrawn, and a national debt half as large as that of England piled upon her shoulder; her cities silent, her harbors deserted, her manufactures silent, her military capacities so paralyzed that she can neither command respect abroad nor insure good order in her own incongruous population, composed of a seething mass of the ignorant, depraved and fanatical of all nations, she will cling to "the Union," and to the war, by which only she hopes to preserve it, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank that lies between him and the fathomless depths of eternity. We must bear these facts in mind when we sing sullen songs of hope, to look for a speedy peace, and to relax the exertions which alone can save our throats from the throat of a powerful nation; engaged in a fearful and final struggle for life or death. We wish we could deserv a brighter

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